VERSES

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mrs. *MORICE.*

Heu! nunc miſero mihi demum
Exilium infelix! nunc alte vulnus adactum.

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NO *fabling* SONG, my mournful Heart, eſſay;
But *genuine* GRIEF adorn the flowing Lay.
In Numbers ſuch as FRIENDSHIP can inſpire,
Wail the *loſt* DAUGHTER, and the *living* SIRE.
Till *flinty* Breaſts reſiſtleſs Sorrow know,
And melt reluctant at *another*'s Woe:
Till PARTY ZEAL the FATHER ſhall deplore,
And thoſe who *hate* him moſt, ſhall *pity* more.

WHAT Time the STATE its Indignation ſhed,
And lanc'd its *ſecond* Thunder on his Head:
When NOBLES judg'd the *well-defended* CAUSE,
And COMMONS Care ſupply'd *defective* LAWS,
THEN firſt the Wound relentleſs Fortune made,
Which, feſt'ring, ſecret on her Vitals prey'd.
Guiltleſs ſhe pin'd, or wholly guiltleſs She,
Or only *ſtain'd* with FILIAL PIETY.
In vain might FRIENDS to ſooth her Anguiſh try,
No FRIEND a FATHER's Abſence could ſupply.
No darling CHILDREN could afford Relief,
Nor PARENT's Fondneſs heal the DAUGHTER's Grief.
No SWEETS of LIFE ſufficient Balm could prove,
Not the dear Softneſs of a WEDDED LOVE.
The Pangs of Loſs *unbated* ſtill endure,
She taſtes no Cordial, and admits no Cure.
With Health-impairing Sighs, unſeen Decay,
She wears the ſlender Threads of Life away.

Nor

Nor Eaſe, nor Period can her Mourning have,
But the dark Shelter of the quiet GRAVE.
So when *Italians* with deſtructive Skill,
Or *Indians* rude in Good, but learn'd in Ill,
A fatal Draught mix for their ſecret Foe,
Avoidleſs *ſure*, yet unſuſpected *ſlow*;
The latent Death creeps on with ling'ring Smart,
And mocks the Antidotes of human Art:
So imperceptibly the Work is done,
That Nature half miſtakes it for her own.

WHEN inward-fretting Grief had almoſt drain'd
Her ebbing Veins, nor much of Life remain'd,
Each Hour her pious Pray'rs more ardent grow
To meet her EXIL'D FATHER once below.
Whoe'er the Hazards of her Health diſplay,
Againſt their Purpoſe, urge her ſpeedy Way,
Leaſt DEATH prevent her reaching GALLIA's Shore;
That only Sting the KING of TERRORS bore.

Still

Still pleaſing *Hope* her ſickly Limbs upheld.
Weakneſs itſelf, by *true Affection* ſteel'd,
Diſtance, and *Toils*, and *Dangers* could diſdain;
And *Seas* and *Mountains* were oppos'd in vain.
Riſe to her Wiſhes, riſe, propitious Gales,
And with new Swiftneſs wing the flagging Sails.
What SAILS can equal to her WISHES go?
The TIDE rolls tedious, and the WIND flies ſlow,
The penſive Days in heavy March proceed,
TIME, ever-haſting, ſeems to ſlack his Speed.
For LOVE too ſlow, for LIFE he flies too faſt,
And ev'ry painful Hour forebodes the laſt.
Long-*ſwooning* Faintneſs wakes her CONSORT's Fear,
And *waneing* Strength ſhews Diſſolution near.
Her SOUL unconquer'd yet, diſdains to part,
And holds the Citadel of Love, the HEART;
Determin'd ſtedfaſt not to ſeek the Skies,
'Till the dear FATHER bleſs her longing Eyes.

In

In vain did NATURE, ſpent, forbid her Stay,
And GUARDIAN ANGELS beckon her away.
With frailer FLESH th' immortal SPIRIT ſtrove,
Strong to delay the Stroke, tho' not remove,
And DEATH all conqu'ring yields a while to LOVE.
So the brave THEBAN CHIEF, transfix'd by Foes,
(With whom *Bœotia*'s Empire fell and roſe)
To Death, tho' deeply wounded, ſcorns to yield,
Till his lov'd Soldiers gain the well-fought Field;
Then bids his willing Soul triumphant fly,
And when his Vows are heard, conſents to dye.
BEHOLD they meet! ſo PROVIDENCE decrees,
All ſhe deſires on Earth, on Earth ſhe ſees;
Her Terrors now are ceas'd, when HE is near
Her FATHER's DAUGHTER knows not how to fear.
The long-fought STRIFE her Spirit now gave o'er,
And ſought the QUIET which it ſhun'd before.

The FATHER bleſt her e'er to Heav'n ſhe went,
The PRIEST abſolv'd the dying PENITENT.
But leaſt ſhe grieve for Sorrows not her own,
And Nature's Yearning cauſe a ſingle Groan,
HE, ſelf-collected, check'd th' aſcending Sigh,
And ſpringing Tears commanded from his Eye.
Mean while his aking Heart tumultuous ſtrove,
With Grief deſpairing and paternal Love,
Love *in'ly* wounds him with diſtracting Woe,
Compels to feel it, but forbids to ſhow.
His Voice unfaultring, and his Looks ſerene,
An outward Calmneſs veils the Storm within.
So when in Subterranean Caverns pent,
The Winds hard-ſtruggling labour for a Vent,
Direful, but ſecret, works the Mine below,
Strong and more ſtrong th' impriſon'd Tempeſts grow:
The Surface ſmiles and verdant Fields appear
Secure, and far from Danger as from Fear.

Not long; for inſtant ſprings the breaking Ground,
And ſcatters Waſte avoidleſs all around.

WHEN Death had ſeal'd her Eyes, in laſting Sleep,
And gave th' afflicted FATHER leave to weep,
In Words like theſe burſts his long-ſtifled Moan,
(If any may be liken'd to his own.)
" Is this the Healing of my former Care?
" This the ſad Anſwer of continu'd Pray'r?
" No longer Space could angry Heaven beſtow?
" And thus! thus only! muſt we meet below?
" Me to remoteſt Realms my Fortune ſends,
" Depriv'd of *preſent*, nay, of *abſent* Friends;
" Tis fatal with my Woes to ſympathize!
" He dyes who *writes*, as He who *ſees* me dies!
" Nor e'en THIS EXILE ſeem'd enough ſevere,
" To my loſt Country BRUSSELS roſe too near;
" Nor PARIS' Walls theſe Hoary Hairs can ſcreen,
" My Fate purſues me on the Bank of SEIN!

" Let

" Let it purſue! ſtill, ſtill could I withſtand
" The utmoſt Fury of a mortal Hand.
" But with reſiſtleſs Force the Vengeance flies,
" When GOD inflicts the PAINS AND PENALTIES!
" Yet, oh! had Judgment fall'n on Me alone!
" Nor broke the Heart far dearer than mine own;
" The Arrow glancing pierc'd HER faithful Side,
" For ME ſhe languiſh'd, and for ME ſhe dy'd!
" My late ſole Stay! ——
But hold —— if *Speech* the Anguiſh may reveal,
HE only can *deſcribe* it, who could *feel.*
Then ceaſe, my Soul, oh! ceaſe the plantive Tale,
And where the *Pencil* fails Thee, draw the *Veil.*

YET, ſtill HIMSELF let the great PRELATE know,
Still rais'd ſuperior to his Weight of Woe.
Inſtruct Mankind their Load of Life to bear,
And ſhame the *Murm'rer* and the *Wretched* cheer,

Try'd,

Try'd, not *forſook*. One Refuge yet remains·
So NATURE's everlaſting Law ordains.
Which STATESMEN's Art and SOLDIERS Force defies,
And mocks the Rage of keeneſt Enemies.
Which kindly ſoftens the ſevereſt Doom,
The LOSER's Conqueſt and the EXILE's Home.
To that ſure Refuge let him calmly fly,
And bleſs the glorious Privilege —— TO DYE.
Late may he land on that ſafe happy Shore,
Where Loss afflicts, and PAIN torments no more:
There ſleep, from GRIEF and BANISHMENT releaſt,
And there the wearied FATHER lie at reſt,
His Courſe well-ended, HEAV'NLY GLORY ſhare,
And riſe triumphant to the laſt GREAT BAR.

FINIS.

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